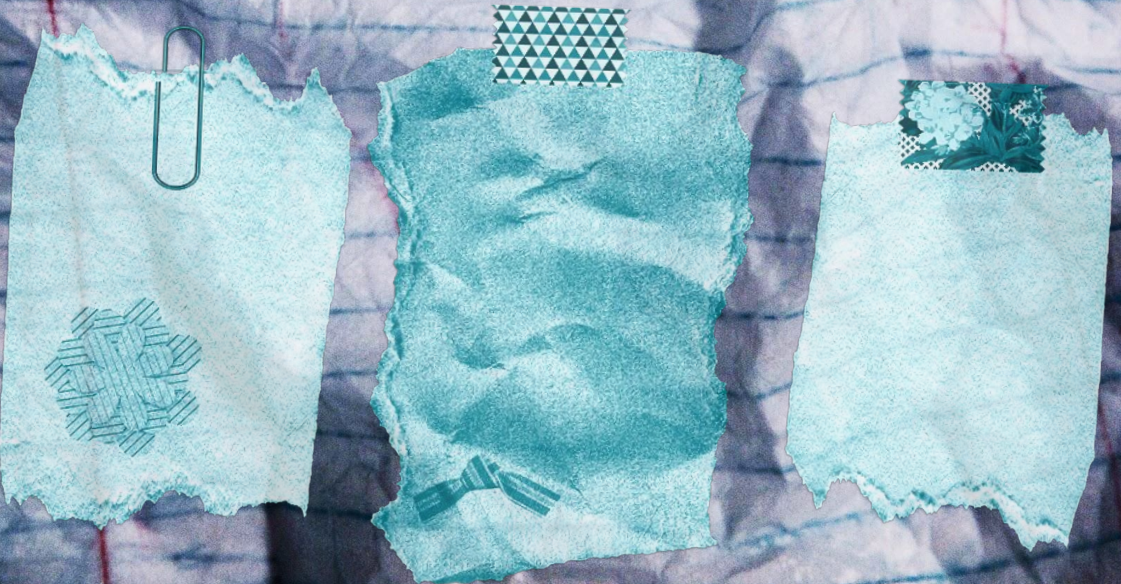


-Gathering no Moss

-A jadeblood zine



Memento

*When my husk will be hollowed
From the spoils of fluttery
Earthly
Reckless abandon

Reincarnated to bliss
Damned to burn to find light
Briskly
Holding onto my memory*



Art by Jax (@g0atheart)



Poem by DDP

Jaded:

adjective [not gradable]

1: lacking interest or desire

*2: made dull, apathetic, or cynical by
experience or by having or seeing too
much of something*

*When the signs are different the answer
is negative. When the signs are the same
the answer is positive (7th Century AD)*

*The First Law of Thermodynamics
(1850)*

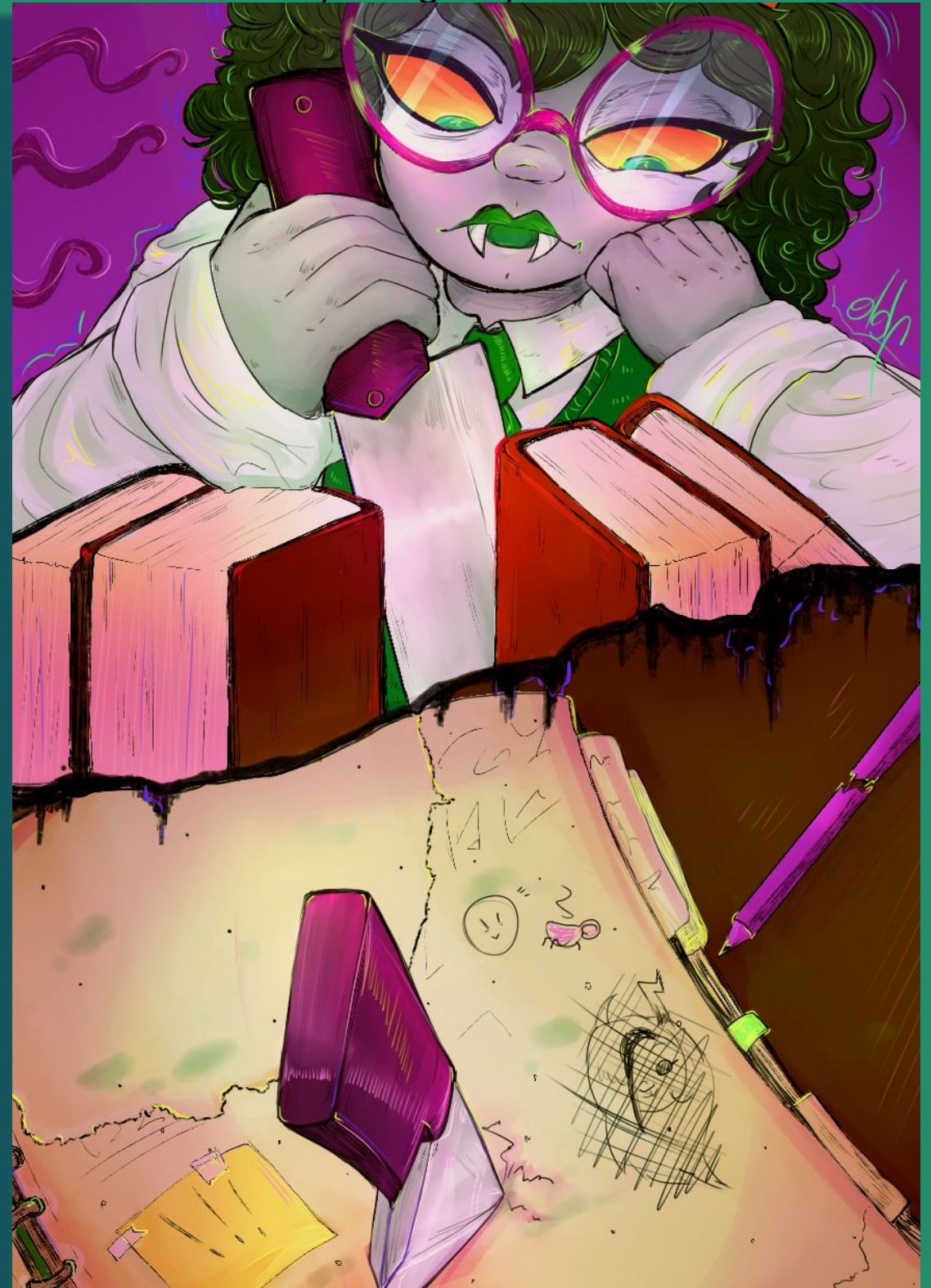
Rebel without A Cause (1955)

Bad Reputation (1980)

--Step, step, step

*-I danced with the vision
Step by step,
in an empty theatre
Of lipsticks mixing in the stillness*

*-Even if I stumble over my steps
And fall, again, I dance
Alone, in an empty theatre*





WHILE THE EMBERS SPARK

*The flickering flames off a false light
Drink in the sight from my eyes
Ink, like water, overflows into the
white pastures
And the new lives spring to motion*

*Ephemeral as they might be
It is a flicker of joy in a world unseen
And the doors slowly creeps open
As the flame is snuffed away*

Falling from below

Grasping what I can

Unwilling to relent

The shapes of familiarity, everchanging

The drip from a leak, like a clock

Full of sand, unable to tick

*The speaker shouts hampered words,
unheard*

Sores closed, healed, unattended to

Not attendibile

The back of my throat spasms





Jade:

*to reduce to the condition of a jade;
tire out;
ride or drive without sparing;
to weary or fatigue in general.*



ifer

artbyifer + ihasaFandom
on tumblr

Conversion in conversation

*Among golden flecks on the miner's pickaxe
The soil and minerals merge
Seldom they speak*

*Through the hair of fondly beloveds
Braided in chaste juvenile spirits
Salvation is at the touch
Once more, at stars
We look from the spot we keep
And find mercy
under the sky*



he should have been terrified
she made sure, in his final moments
that he was
she was
dressed in violet
licking his blood off her lips

there is no rage more pure
than that of a mother
destroy her hope
and she has nothing to lose

run.
she is tired of death

he sat on her shoulder for sweeps
waiting for her to slip from his grasp
with fangs built to rip skin

he laughs in delight at the monster
he found and watched grow





And the sun changed its mind

*In fish's eye lenses, we all thought
it a joke*

*But soon the stars had forgotten
their place*

And an atom of fragility split

*Soon, the meadows of Asphodel and
Home*

*No telling was given, if they'd been
the same*

Now, where to go

If not to find the path to discovery

Dawn in the middle of twilight

*Forgetting for too long,
Or keeping in mind, etched too still
How can we tell when the change is
irreversible
And when we, overzealous,
overchange?*

*Stable in contempt and elation
Unruly whirlpools of uncertainty
care not
and we held onto anything*



The Final Note

A huge thank you to all the lovely people that took part in this little project, I would have never been able to put it together without you!

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@ihasafandom (The Dolorosa)

@g0atheart (Daraya)

@rabbittandie (Wanshi)

@tropicallegiance (Kanaya and quality control)

@maipekko (Cliper)

@spacepalky (Swifer)

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@raddifferent

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